HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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ANTI-SLAVERY.

From the Lynn Record.

The Anniversary of West India Emancipation

Was celebrated on Sunday evening last in Boston, at the Marlboro' Chapel, by a splendid meeting, at which Francis Jackson, President of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, presided, Rev. Mr. Himes opened the meeting with prayer, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Ellis Gray Loring and Wendell Phillips, addressed the meeting. The chapel was well filled with intelligent and attentive hearers. Profound attention, and a high degree of interest were kept up from beginning to end, from 7 1-2 till 10 o'clock.

Mr. Garrison read the 58th chap. of Isaiah, and then, after a few introductory remarks, read the proceedings of the emancipated slaves at Jamaica, at the time of their liberation, which was well adapted to fill an audience with solemn awe and adoration. Mr. G., although he makes no pretensions to eloquence or oratory, is in fact a first rate speaker. His fine tone of voice, sonorous and clear, is full of music, and never fails to find its way to the human heart. His mind is clear, his motive honest, his manner very impressive. Whatever prejudices therefore, may have been imbibed against him by those present they are soon dissipated, and the hearers are borne along in triumph with the speaker.

Mr. Loring has not the same advantages. His voice and personal appearance are by no means prepossessing. Whatever he gains therefore, must be by dint of argument. This he possesses in an eminent degree. But few lawyers command greater powers of reasoning. He always speaks to the point, and his reasoning is always clear, forcible and convincing. Beside, he is careful to be on the side of truth. Thus armed he goes forth like Joseph with his sling and woe to the luckless Goliath who *falls in his way*. No man knows his own weapons, or how to use them better than he. At this meeting he was unusually happy. We never knew him do so well. He turned the subject of slavery round and round, viewed it on all sides, and exposed and expounded every part to the audience. He spoke a little short of an hour; but in that small compass, suggested more profitable hints, imparted more useful knowledge, and threw out more light on the subject than is generally done during the whole sitting of a Convention. Of course we do not do justice by any attempt to give even a sketch of his speech. It was adapted to animate the desponding, and to inspire every abolitionist with certainty of success.

Mr. L. said it had been objected, that all *talk at the North* on the subject of slavery was idle. We could *do nothing*. Massachusetts could not abolish slavery in South Carolina; and to talk on the subject, at a distance from the evil, was of no avail. But he said *talking*, enlightening public sentiment, would accomplish the object. How is it in temperance, we do not go into the distilleries to reason against it; on the subject of immorality, we do not go into the brothel to speak against it. Nor is it necessary to go where slavery exists. Make the thing odious, operate through public sentiment. Let the slaveholder see and realize the truth, that it is unjust, dishonorable and mean, in the extreme, to enslave human beings, and extort labor without pay, and that the whole community know this, and consider him more mean than a horse thief, and he could not go forth in that community; he would not look a man in the face; he could not hold up his head.

Mr. L. said it had generally been supposed that there was no anti-slavery at the South, because its voice had been drowned by the clamor there kept up against it: but this could not always be the case; the deep thought, which is there in exercise on this subject, cannot always be smothered, and when it begins to find utterance, there will be a general outbreak. He should not be surprised to find anti-slavery like the temperance cause, bursting forth from a quarter least expected. He should not be at all surprised to find it breaking out in Virginia, in Alabama, Kentucky, or Tennessee, and sweeping with irresistible force.

We do not pretend to give the language of Mr. L., but a general idea of his reasoning on one point. It will be recollected, that it was the argument of Mr. Loring before the S. J. Court of Massachusetts, that caused the important and celebrated decision of Chief Justice Shaw, that *a slave, voluntarily brought into this State, is free the moment of entering it*. The same decision in substance, has since been declared in Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio, and we believe in several other States.

Wendell Phillips, who has recently returned home from a long tour in Europe, took the stand a quarter past nine, when the audience began to be restless and to retire, but was welcomed with an enthusiasm which broke over the bounds of restraint, although a special request had been made from the Chair that no demonstration of applause might be shown on this occasion. To say that Mr. Phillips is an elegant, eloquent, and accomplished orator, would be only saying what every body knows. It is more, to say that he equalled the high-wrought expectation of the audience. He compared the slavery of England and America, and the operations of the two countries, relating to emancipation. He was heard with great attention and delight. We left him speaking, a few minutes before 10 o'clock.

Mr P. was the young man, who in the dark hour of adversity, stood up in Faneuil Hall, and succesfully refuted *James T. Austin*, when the latter made his *infamous* speech on the death of the lamented Lovejoy. Wendell Phillips, Ellis Gray Loring, Edmund Quincy, and Samuel E. Sewal, are able members of the Boston bar, who stand ready on all occasions, and in all the ways in their power, fearlessly to aid the persecuted, oppressed and despised colored man without money and without price.—They are an honor to this country, which owes them a deep debt of gratitude.

From the Free American.

Caste and Railroads.

The question whether railroad corporations have the right to make a distinction between their passengers on account of complexion, was decided in the Police Court of New Bedford, in the case of Ruggles against the New Bedford railroad, in favor of the latter. The conductor who turned Mr. Huggles out of the cars, had previously shown him the printed regulation, as follows:—

"Passengers going in the cars of the Taunton Branch and New Bedford and Taunton Railroad Companies, will take such seats as may be assigned them by the conductor."

This regulation is highly ingenious. It has the merits of the last Congressional gag. It takes the colored people in the lump, *with all others*. The only shield which a *white* man has, it would seem, from any insult a conductor may choose to offer him, is the force of public opinion. The *colored* man is the vicitim; he has no shield at all. The New Bedford Mercury says:—

"The principal legal question raised was whether the corporation had the right to make and enforce such a regulation. Upon this point the 83d section of the 39th chapter of the Revised Statutes was cited. It is in these words:—

"'Every such corporation may establish, for their sole benefit, a toll upon all *passengers* and property conveyed or transported on their railroad, at such rates as may be determined by the directors of the corporation, and *may*, from time to time, *regulate* such conveyance and *transportation*, the weight of loads, and all other things in relation to the use of such road, as the directors shall determine.'"

Judge Crapo, of the New Bedford Police Court, decided that this clause gave the corporation the right to make the aforesaid regulation, and enforce it, as they did in the case of Ruggles. We think a judge who should have a correct view of the nature and tendencies of this particular regulation would decide differently. The corporation evidently has, from the above clause of the law, a right to make such regulations as are necessary to the comfort and convenience of their passengers. But this is not. It is an act of public punishment for the crime of a dark complexion. Its nature was clearly revealed in the proceedings before the judge. We read from the same report,

"Some questions have been made in regard to the reasonableness of this rule, and as to its practical operation, testimony was introduced upon this point. A small car divided into two parts, and having no communication with each other except by a window, was attached to every train. In one part of this car *persons intoxicated and otherwise offensive were directed to take their seats*. Colored people were generally seated in the other part. In respect to the accommodation of this car, it appeared that it was equal to any other. It was often preferred by family parties. The President testified that the rule had been found greatly to promote the comfort and convenience of the passengers. In one instance a respectable colored female seated herself in this car, with men who were intoxicated and noisy, and she was therefore taken by the conductor to the long car, and seated with the whites."

So it seems, notwithstanding the partition in the "small car," colored persons are actually thrust in with "persons intoxicated and otherwise offensive." A fig for the partition! What right have the corporation to pronounce the crime of *color* to be equal to that of intoxication, and to shut up respectable colored people in the *State prison* car of their train? Is this *regulating* in the sense of the statute? Then the conductor may, if the corporation pleases, select any gentleman who takes his seat in the cars, and fasten to his back this label—printed flagrantly on a large card—"THIS IS A RASCAL ON HIS WAY TO TEXAS." Why, the conductors themselves, it seems, "in one instance," recoiled from their own tyranny. We should like to see what would become of their regulation if they should conduct a sober and respectable *white man* out of the long car into the little bipartite pandemonium where they shut up the intoxicated and the otherwise offensive, and he should complain to Judge Crapo that he had not only suffered the insult but the damage of being confined for an hour and a half with incarnate devils. We think the judge would say, that while the corporation had an undoubted right to *regulate* their cars so as to promote the comfort and conveyance of their passengers, they had no right to inflict disgrace and discomfort upon a well-behaved and decent citizen. Their power of *regulation* was given them to promote the public good, not to promote their own private revenge, or to minister to any mean and malignant prejudice. The common law, which protects the rights and even the feelings of all, will not allow them to turn their corporate powers, given them for specific and well defined purposes, into weapons of malice and revenge. If there is not a check of this sort upon such corporations, it is time for the legislature to pause before it creates more—conferring upon the mere tools of *capital* a power which the constitution forbids it to exercise itself.

This is not a *small* question. It is vital to the existence and success of our republican institutions. Caste is one of the many incarnations of the great devil, arbitrary power. It is the most insidious and intolerable species of tyranny ever devised in hell. It is, to a republic, infinitely more dangerous than any other. It is a *genus* of which chattel slavery is a *species*. This spirit of caste already received in the free North, is what chiefly sustains that cruelest of earth's villanies at the South. Let it reign a little longer and the complexion and shape of a man's *coat* as well as of his *face* will exclude him from the long car. It will not be contented with *colored* victims. We (the editor) have openly become *colored*, long ago, in this anti-caste war; and we say, looking them full in the face, to all whom it may concern, that the man, be he judge or priest, who countenances the negro pew system is either a knave or an ass.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Legal Barbarity.

We know not how to express the horror we have felt at reading the annexed extract, taken from the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin of 17th inst., handed us by a friend. It reveals Louisiana slavery to be in law and in practice, nothing short of diabolism. Here is a slave provoked beyond endurance, perhaps, and excited to an assault upon some white constable. How far it was in resistance to unprovoked injury we are not told. He is carried before a jury of six freeholders, (*slave-holders*) and under the law which makes *wilfully wounding a white person* a capital crime, he is condemned to death. The form of a legal process is gone through, adding by its mockery atrocity to the scene. The council for the slave "merely said that he hoped the jury would consider the circumstances of the case, the previous character of the prisoner, and that he has a wife to whom he is much attached, and therefore recommend the executive to commute his punishment to *perpetual imprisonment!*"

Negro sentenced to death for assaulting a White Man.—Our readers may recollect that our paper of Tuesday last contained the particulars of an aggravated and outrageous assault committed on the Sunday previous, upon the body of Watchman Sheeham, of the 2nd Municipality police, by a ferocious negro named Hamilton, and belonging to Messrs. Hadden and Hall, of this city. On Saturday last his trial came on in the Parish Court, before Judge Maurian, who, together with six freeholders, formed a jury empanelled to hear the law and evidence in his case. The testimony was the same, in substance, as that which was given before Recorder Baldwin on the previous Monday. The accused stood charged, upon information, with having violated the following clause of the 15th section of the Black Code, Act of June 7, 1806, which clause is conceived in the following terms:—Whenever any slave shall have grievously and wilfully wounded or mutilated any white person, although it prove to be the first offence, such slave shall suffer death." C. Roselius, Esq., the Attorney General, appeared on behalf of the State and Alfred Hennen, Esq., conducted the defence. The testimony and arguments in the case were commenced at 11 o'clock, and concluded about noon, when the jury retired to their room to deliberate upon their verdict. After half an hour had elapsed, they returned into Court, and gave their verdict unanimously, "guilty of death;" and stated furthermore, 6, to 1, that there was no ground to recommend him to the executive, (the Governor) for a commutation or pardon. He will therefore be hung by the neck until life is extinct on Saturday, the 7th August next, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., in the vacant space of ground in the neighborhood of Gormley's Canal, in the 2nd Municipality, and the said tribunal also valued the said slave at the sum of $400. One-half of the sum goes to the owners, and the other half to the person assaulted and beaten, as some kind of indemnity to him for the dreadful wounds he has received.

Hamilton is in the flower of manhood, being only 28 years of age, and is an athletic, straight, fine looking negro.

The evidence against him was so conclusive that the advocate for the accused merely said he hoped the jury would consider the circumstances of the case, the previous character of the prisoner and that he has a wife to whom he is much attached, and therefore recommend the Executive to commute his punishment to perpetual imprisonment. But, as has been before stated, this suggestion was rejected by a vote of six to one.

We trust the fate of Hamilton will be a warning to all the blacks in this community, and that it may not shortly become our duty to chronicle any more assaults of this nature or verdicts of this tenor. *When the negro so far forgets his position in Southern society as to raise his murderous arm against a white man, let the stern justice take its course, and let the culprit pay for his temerity, by the forfeit of his life. The sanctity of Southern institutions, must and shall be maintained. And we need no safer gurantee for their maintenance than in the generous bosoms of Southerners born and Southerners bred.*

"Let stern justice take its crown!" "The sanctity of Southern institutions!" "Generous bosoms of Southerners born and Southerners bred!" Did ever more disgusting cant, or lying hypocrisy proceed from tyrants' lips.

The same paper contains the following. While copying it we would take occasion to caution our colored friends against venturing into any of the slave states. Numerous cases are continually occuring of colored persons going into Southern ports as sailors or in some other capacity, and being detained there, many of them without hope of release. Our friends cannot exercise too much caution in this matter. There is no safety for them within reach of the toils of the slaveholder.

RECORDER'S COURT—SECOND MUNICIPALITY.

Before Recorder Baldwin.

SATURDAY, July 17, 1841.

The police of this Municipality are busily engaged in arresting all negroes who cannot give a good account of themselves, and in enforcing the ordinance prohibiting their renting premises for themselves, without the express permission of their owners. Our active and vigilant police cannot possibly be engaged in better business. This is the most fit season of the year for rooting out from among us those highly suspicious individuals, the free people of color, who have come hither from the Northern States.—These are the persons from whom the most danger is to be apprehended. Abolitionists by birth, feeling and education, they invariably poison the mind of the slave with whom they associate, and contaminate, by degrees, our whole black population. *Assemblages of the blacks, whether bond or free, at whatever hour and for whatever purpose, should be most assiduously watched. In suspicion and distrust lies our safety.*

Malignant tyranny! All "*assemblages of the blacks, whether bond or* FREE, *at whatever hour*," no matter if it be in the broad sunlight of the Sabbath day, "*and for whatever purpose*," even if it should be for the worship of their Maker, "*should be sedulously watched.*" The reader perhaps knows that it has been found in Louisiana and other states in the extreme South, that the best way to "watch" these meetings is to prevent them altogether.

"*In suspicion and distrust lies our safety.*" A sentiment worthy of a slaveholder. Such is the "safety" of the coward and the tyrant. Will these blinded and cruel people never learn wherein to look for safety? Will they blindly continue in their oppressions until the judgments of Heaven awake them from their delusion? We would hope not, though it seems indeed like hoping against hope.

From the same paper we learn that the people share in common with the slaughter breathing spirit of this writer. They have commenced the work of imprisoning the free people of color and driving them out of the states. Forty-five of both sexes had been driven out of New Orleans.

Attempted Insurrection.

Since writing the above, intelligence is brought of an insurrection which had nearly broken out in the very State where these barbarities have been inflicted. While we deeply deplore any attempt on the part of the blacks to resort to violence to regain their rights or avenge their wrongs, and while our very blood curdles with horror at the idea of an insurrection, we cannot help regarding it as the natural consequence of the oppressions to which these miserable beings are subjected. If "oppression will make a wise man mad," it cannot be expected to have any milder effect on the ignorant slave. If the people of the South will persist in driving their bondmen to madness, deeply as we commiserate them, they must take the consequences.

Intended Revolt of the Slaves in the South. The New Orleans papers of the 23d contain an account of the discovery of an intended revolt of the slaves in Louisiana and Mississippi, which has produced a great sensation. There was a systematized plan, it is stated, in which the negroes from Bayou Sara to Natchez were combined to rise and murder the whites. This plot, it is said, was accidentally discovered by an overseer who in the night overheard the negroes discussing the subject. This led to their examination next morning, when they confessed the fact, and gave information that led to the arrest of several others. The alarm was immediately spread abroad, arrests were made in various plantations, and it was found by the confessions that they all agreed in the main facts, that there was to be a general rise, and that the first of August was the day agreed upon.

A white man, a carpenter, who had lately done a job of work for Mr. Barrow, was also arrested on suspicion, and examined.—He said he had nothing to do with the plot—that he had never said any thing to the negroes on the subject, but acknowledged that they frequently spoke to him, and informed him all about it.

This white man, with about 40 negroes, all of whom had confessed their knowledge of the intended rising, were in the jail at St. Francisville, guarded by a company of volunteers. Their examination by a competent tribunal was to have commenced yesterday at 10 A. M.

At Woodville, we learn, numerous slaves were confined in the jail, having confessed to the same facts as those arrested in Feliciana.

Captain Laurent states that on stopping at Point Coupee, to communicate information of the situation of the affairs above, several gentlemen recollected occurrences of recent date which tended to confirm the suspicions that the slaves of their section were parties to the wicked plot. Dr. ——— said he had been asked what day of the month it was, by more negroes within the last ten days, than in seven years before—and there had been unusual assemblies of the slaves, in rather bye-places, for several Sundays past.

Some of the negroes have confessed that the combination was from Bayou Sara to Natchez.

It may not be amiss to remark, that the plantations in Feliciana and Wilkinson county, from which the slaves were taken who are imprisoned, are owned by the most wealthy and respectable planters of the State, whose *kind and humane treatment of their slaves is proverbial.*

"*Kind and humane treatment!*" A highly respectable and intelligent friend of ours, whose testimony is to be relied on, declares that the region of country between Bayou Sara and Nathez is, to use his own words, "*the very hell of slavery!*"

In a letter published in the New-Orleans Courier, the writer says:

"Some 15 or 20 of the leaders have been arrested, and will no doubt be tried and executed immediately. This is no humbug.

Send me up a dozen of your best bowie knives."

Since the publication of these statements, however, another mail has arrived from New Orleans, bringing information that the preceding accounts were greatly exaggerated. The following is from the Philadelphia Ledger:

THE INSURRECTION.

New Orleans papers of the 24th have been received, and from the tone of the Picayune, it seems that the account of the intended revolt of the slaves was much exaggerated. That paper says, "It seems that the contemplated insurrection was unknown beyond a very few plantations. The Robert Fulton, from Bayou Sara, arrived yesterday. She left Thursday at 11 o'clock. At that time all was quiet in the villages and on the plantations so far as heard from. The trial of the conspirators has been postponed until Monday, the 26th inst. No more arrests among the slaves have been spoken of." On the other hand, the Crescent City records numerous arrests. The bayous, swamps, &c., had all been explored. Every white man was doubly armed, and no negro was allowed the freedom of passing from one plantation to another. The other city papers appear to have quieted their alarms. The Courier observes it is possible that the fear of losing valuable hands, worth $900 to $1000, may have made the planters less eager in making arrests.

From the Morning Star.

Shame!

Davis, the notorious Baptist-minister slaveholder, who holds *thirty stolen* human beings in bondage as his property, and who has lately been advocating slavery here at the North as a Bible institution, authorized and sanctioned by Jehovah, in a letter to a friend at the South, says, that when he was about to leave Portland, Me., where for two days he had been engaged in advocating slavery, not less than five hundred people followed him to the boat, seeking introduction, and entreating him to remain at the North, and travel the whole land, as they believed he could satisfy all that the abolitionists were wrong. Shame on such men! If slavery is authorized by the Bible, and it is right to enslave colored men (and they are as good as white men, and have just as good right to liberty at the South, it is right also to enslave white men at the North; and yet here are five hundred Northern men, professed friends of liberty, running after a clerical man-stealer from the South, and entreating him to traverse the whole length and breadth of the free States to advocate the divine right of slavery. How ridiculous! How monstrous! If any body, such men ought to feel the woes of slavery long enough to find out that it is not sanctioned by Heaven. Davis also says, that at Philadelphia, New-York, Boston, Portland, &c., he was invited and urged to preach, and that he was fairly worn out in his efforts to supply the numerous calls for his services. Invitations were also sent him, he says, from all parts of the country to come and address them. Who that has a spark of that liberty which actuated our forefathers left in his bosom, or the least love to pure religion, does not mourn over such degeneracy—ay, does not burn with righteous indignation at such recreancy to the cause of liberty and true religion? It is time for the friends of God and man to awake, and go forth afresh to battle with the monster *slavery*. As sure as God is just, unless we liberate our African brethren, we shall be enslaved ourselves, and that at no very distant day.

If the North would do its duty, every Southern man would go back from his visits to the Free States, humbled and thoughtful, a missionary in the cause of Freedom.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1841.

Joshua Coffin. United States Senate.

My Brother:

Some four or five years since, Isaac Wright, a free citizen of Philadelphia, with two others, was kidnapped in New-Orleans. Through the agency of Joshua Coffin, he was restored to freedom, when in all probability had it not been for him, he had lived and died a slave.

When Harrison came into the Presidency, he turned out the former incumbent, and nominated John C. Montgomery to the office of Post Master in Philadelphia. J. C. Montgomery—according to a previous pledge given to the friends of Joshua Coffin, appointed him to be one of the *letter carriers*, or distributors in the city. To the surprise of Montgomery and his friends, the time ran along several weeks, and no confirmation by the United States Senate of his nomination appeared. He began to feel anxious lest it would not be confirmed; and he should, after all, lose his office. After a while letters were received from Washington, giving the reasons why the Senate had not confirmed his nomination.

A Mr. Colcard, from New-Hampshire, former letter carrier—a church member, and great stickler for Ministers and Meeting Houses—and a political opponent of Montgomery—having formerly heard Joshua Coffin give an account of his adventures in the South-west to redeem Isaac Wright, and wishing to prejudice the U. S. Senate against Montgomery, to defeat his appointment, went before a magistrate in this city, gave his affidavit to the fact that J. Coffin did restore Isaac Wright to freedom—*without submitting the case to a jury of his kidnappers.*—Said pious, church-going Colcard—from the mountains of New-Hampshire—sent that affidavit to prove that Montgomery was an Abolitionist, and to prevent his appointment. The evidence was—he had appointed Joshua Coffin, one of the *letter carriers* about the city, knowing him to be a consistent abolitionist. John C. Montgomery was given to understand that his nomination never would be confirmed by the Senate, unless he dismissed Joshua Coffin from the office of letter carrier. J. C. had exercised his office three months to the satisfaction of all concerned. But the decree had gone forth from Head Quarters—Joshua Coffin, the abolitionist that dared to go to Tennessee and speak comfort to a freeman, kidnapped and in chains, or John C. Montgomery, must leave the Post Office. Montgomery instantly bade *Coffin* leave,—and then in a few days, the U. S. Senate confirmed his nomination.

Here is a fact—*the details of which will soon be given by Joshua Coffin*—going to show the complete subserviency of this government, in all its ramifications, to the slaveholding power and interests of the nation. Anti-Slavery must not be tolerated in the humblest office. The United States Senate guarding even the office of *letter carrier* about the city against it. What a dignified and independent and honorable body!—Joshua Coffin, a *poor* man, having spent much of his strength and effort in the cause of human freedom, and for so doing, is ejected from the office of *letter carrier*, where he was hoping to get something to feed a family of five children, by the SENATE of the UNITED STATES! I say it is a grave and honorable body! *Almost* as solemn and reverend as the pro-slavery clergy, by whose countenance and prayers they are sustained in their wickedness. That Honorable and *Reverently-sustained* body have done four important things this session: They have passed a *Bank* Bill; the *Home Squadron* Bill; the *Land* Bill; and—*Turned Joshua Coffin out of the Office of Letter Carrier!* Hear, O ye nations! By the bye—about the indifference of slaveholders to Anti-Slavery—the insignificance of Anti-Slavery! Why—so fearful are they, that they dare not let it exist even in the office of a *letter carrier!* Insignificant indeed—when the United States Senate find it necessary to ferret it out from such a humble retreat!

JOHN C. MONTGOMERY—Post-Master in Philadelphia. Poor man. His soul has crouched to the demon of slavery—the lowest, the meanest, the filthiest and most swinish of all devils. How can he endure even to look free humanity in the face again? He has lost a golden opportunity to signalize himself in the sublime and holy cause of human freedom—Had he only had firmness and nobleness of soul to have stood the test!—to have said to those poor tools of southern kidnappers—the United States Senate—"Perish your offices and your emoluments!—I will not do your dirty work—I will not trample on a poor brother, and turn him out of office, and take the bread from his family—because he had the courage and humanity to help a fellow creature from slavery! Do this work yourselves, if you will have it done!—I will starve and die before I will do it!" Would that J. C. Montgomery could thus have spoken and acted!—His name had been consecrated in the hearts of grateful millions!—But there is no use in lamenting. "*Gropes* cannot be gathered from thorns, nor *figs* from thistles." Noble acts are not to be expected from *self-enslaved* souls.

I hope the friends of humanity will not see Joshua Coffin suffer from this persecution of the United States Senate. He is *needy*.

H. C. WRIGHT.

Colonization in Virginia. At a meeting of the Colonization Society in Richmond, Va. on Monday, it was resolved that immediate efforts be made to raise a sum of money sufficient to send a vessel to Liberia with one hundred emigrants.

CONCORD: AUGUST 13, 1841.

☞ We have received from Mr. Rogers, (whose *absence*, by the way, must be an excuse for any deficiencies of our sheet of this as also of the last week,) an article in review of the Address of Rev. John M. Whiton, of Antrim, on the "Duties and Trials of the Ministry," recently published in the Congregational Journal; its length and the late hour of its reception prevent its insertion this week. Communications of friends Wright, Pillsbury, and Hood, in our next. Printer.

Plymouth, Aug. 9, 1841.

Dear J. R. F.:

Not returning home so soon as I expected, I send you for Editorial what I may throw off in a few minutes, before the departure of the Stage. I shall attempt briefly a sketch of the most interesting and important Sunday's meeting I ever witnessed—attended yesterday at Campton. I went there to hear our persecuted and hunted brother Beach. I had spent the Saturday afternoon with him, and he intimated to me something of the nature of his intended preaching—but nothing to lead me to expect the tremendous proceedings I witnessed. Brother Beach has set an example for the age. His yesterday's work, in the little meeting-house at Campton, will constitute, I apprehend, an important point of remembrance—a kind of landmark—in the history of the mighty Reformation now going on for the deliverance of mankind, and the overthrow of the usurped dominion of the Sectarian Clergy here and in other parts of Christendom.

Forenoon he preached from the text—"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."—He illustrated the character of the modern church and clergy in the light of this text—set forth their love of the world, of popularity, ease and comfort,—and the poverty and destitution of the Saviour and His disciples. It was a terrible sermon, and I thought as I heard it, that it contained more of faithful, uncompromising gospel preaching than I ever before heard from all the pulpits I ever listened to. It was unmitigated, unadulterated gospel preaching. The auditory was made up mostly of his warm friends, and his persecuting, exasperated enemies. They are divided in relation to his stay among them. A portion of them, including the new-organized abolitionists, are ransacking the land to find petty faults on which to found his expulsion by a pro-slavery council. They have had one, headed by Andrew Rankin, which could find nothing in him worthy of death or excommunication. Their infamous partiality and hypocritical procedure went far to complete the opening of brother B.'s eyes to the anti-Christian character of the whole sectarian machinery. And Sunday he came out in all the confidence of simple faith in God and in the majesty of truth, and renounced the whole of it—to an extent and in a manner which, perfectly prepared as I was to second, I was not prepared to witness, and which was truly overwhelming.

He took his stand on the floor of the house, in front of the poor little abdicated pulpit—which looked utterly insignificant and heathenish, when thus pointedly abandoned. He held a memorandum in his hand—and his text was, "Have faith in God." He spoke of the character of faith—not like a hired clergyman, writing on his contract to preach—but like a man experiencing what he was saying. It was brief, full, clear, convicting. No sound mind could doubt his meaning or its truth. He said if a man had faith, he would know it—and that if he had it not he would know it—and that if he had it he would act upon it; and if he did not act upon it, he was not a christian. He denied that the gospel could be preached in faith on a contract for a salary. He said that the preacher who relied on his contract for support did not rely on God and had not faith. He renounced his own contract with the people to whom he was preaching, and released them from it. He declared himself bound to preach to them at the calling and mission of Christ, and his obligation to rely on God for his support. He released the people from all obligation they were under to sustain him or pay him, for future preaching during the year, or for what they owed him for past preaching. A $200 obligation and a promissory note of some $40 which they owed him, he released them from—and declared them null and void, leaving the people to act on their consciences in regard to it. He renounced his ordination by men, and his human license. He renounced sectarian organization, and expressed his regret that he ever entered into any covenant with a church corporation, or added any thing to his covenant made with Christ at the surrendry of his heart to him—renounced all profession of religion but that of *Christian life and conversation*—renounced the pulpit as a consecrated elevation, and planted himself on a level with his hearers—renounced his titled ministership, and declared he should henceforth go on his mission from Christ, among his equal fellow men and women. He declared he should hold no more meetings, which were not open to all to speak freely as himself. He renounced all sermon-writing as a mode of preaching the gospel. In short, he swept the board of all the mummeries of human invention, which had crept in upon the simplicity of Christ,—and he did it all with a calmness, order, and ability, which filled me with admiration. I can give no account of it. To be appreciated it must have been witnessed.—Thomas Parnell Beach stands now "redeemed, regenerated, and disinthralled"—a plain and simple preacher of Christ. God has a great work undoubtedly in store for him.

His pro-slavery enemies have summoned another Council, we understand, to meet and try again to devour him. They have tried once, and could not succeed. They are trying again. It reminds me of Balak's trying Balaam to curse the children of Israel—now on the mountain and now in the valley—peradventure he might get a curse upon them, from the mercenary prophet. I trust brother Beach will meet them, not as a council, but as impenitent hypocrites,—and preach over to them his afternoon's sermon in presence of all the people.

In great haste,

N. P. ROGERS.

"Like People, like Priest."

It has been proverbial of men, in all ages of the world, that they will "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"—and of professedly religious men, that they will "pay tithes of mint, annise and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." Our churches, and presbyteries, and consociations, calling themselves in their embodied form the pillar and ground of the truth, can tolerate slavery among us, with all its abominations, and suffer unreproved this damning sin upon a recognized brother in Christ, and still aim their shafts, with an unsparing hand, upon others who differ with them on some few points of christian theology, but whose aim, equally at least with theirs, is, to "fear God and keep his commandments."

Some of our Northern churches have, this very season, received into their pulpits and christian communion a clerical man-thief from the South, Jonathan Davis of Georgia, coming North under the garb of a minister professing and preaching godliness—but the recent development of facts connected with whose mission shows that the aim of his *godliness* was *gain*. He has been an open and boastful advocate of the divine institution and scripture warrant for slavery, and exults greatly in his success in winning "golden opinions" from all classes of Northern men. Contrast, with his reception, the formal exclusion of christian brethren from our churches and pulpits, not for any immorality of conduct or deficiency of faith, but because, perchance, of excess as to the one and undue strictness as to the other—or, in other words, because of a belief in the ability, under God's grace, of "keeping the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, and in *righteousness of life*." Because of the belief of a condition, in this life, when God's people may, as he says they shall, be "*all righteous*"—manifesting the fruits of the Spirit in entire sanctification of heart, and unreserved consecration of soul and body to his service. Because, in other words, of a belief that they "who hunger and thirst after righteousness *shall be filled;*" and being thus filled—having once partaken of the water which Christ gives them—"*shall never thirst*"—but the water thus given shall be, in each believer, "a well of water," a perennial unchanging fountain, "springing up into everlasting life." Because, in fine, of the belief that God is both able and willing, *in the words of the prophet Zacharias*, as recorded in the first chapter of Luke—"To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant, that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, *might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life.*"

We are led to these remarks, not in vindication of the doctrine of Christian Perfection, but to advert, in contrast with the tolerance towards slaveholding professing christians, to the summary process—the Theologico-Procrustean bed—resorted to in the Genesee (N. Y.) Consociation to lop off offending brethren. This particular operation—saying nothing of a similar process in some other of the Western Associations—was performed July 16, 1841, by virtue of the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the holding or the publishing of the above named doctrine, ("Christian Perfection" in this life,) by any member of this body, would be an unwarrantable departure from our standards of faith, and inconsistent with his relations to this body; and that the publishing or advocating of the said doctrine would be an offence against the great Head of the church, and against the peace of this body, which would call for the salutary and proper enforcement of discipline.

"That this body will not knowingly countenance any person in holding said doctrine, or admit, or suffer any person to hold a seat in this body, who is constitutionally known to hold that doctrine.

"That it is disorderly, and inconsistent with their relation to this body, for our churches to employ, or knowingly suffer to preach in their pulpits, any minister who holds or publishes the said doctrine."

Thus much for the thrust at Perfectionism, by one branch of the church militant. The Unionists—a respectable and increasing body in central New York, holding that sectarianism is wrong, and christian union of all, of whatever denomination, who "fear God and work righteousness," is emphatically and scripturally right—come in, under the action of another presbytery, for their joint share of sectarian charity, courtesy and kindness. Witness certain Resolutions of the Delaware Presbytery, as recorded under date of July 13, 1841.

"*Resolved*, That we recommend to every church, in our connection, not to employ any preacher connected with the Lorain Association, located in Oberlin, Ohio, or the Associations in that region, which adopt the Oberlin opinions; or with the Central Association established in Central New York.

"*Resolved*, That we do not fellowship those preachers, who are distinguished by the known terms of Perfectionists and Unionists."

The way for the slaves to celebrate the 4th of July.—A fine looking slave girl, with an exceedingly slight tinge of the proscribed hue, left her master's house in Baltimore, with a proper supply of the needful, as if to attend church. Instead of entering this consecrated building, she entered the rail-road cars for the North, and came on with the least possible delay till she arrived in Boston. Her master probably listened to a patriotic sermon, or oration. Did he hear any thing in it by which he could blame the girl for her peculiar choice in regard to the mode of celebration?—*Free American.*

"Out of their Sphere."

Women are thought to "rush madly from their sphere" in their remembrance of those in bonds as bound with them, and in their efforts to do away the complication of crimes connected with slavery, and naturally and necessarily consequent upon it—such as idleness, intemperance, profanity, theft, debauchery, adultery, incest, barbarity, rapine and murder,—of the effects of which their own sex are large and grievous partakers:—but in the opinion even of their underraters (not underwriters) in this matter, it is marvelously proper that they should labor and co-labor for the suppression of a *single* crime in the dark catalogue. Witness the recent proceedings of a very interesting Temperance Convention of five or six hundred members at Saratoga, composed of the D. D.s and dignitaries of the land. One of the Resolutions adopted, headed "Female Action," is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That this Convention have contemplated with interest and gratitude, from the commencement of the temperance enterprise, the influence of Woman in this great work, and look to her to continue her unwearied labors for the removal of all those drinks used in society which tend to perpetuate intemperance."

Another Resolution recognises *all* Temperance organizations (including, of course, Female Associations) as 'common auxiliaries in the common cause.'

For the Herald of Freedom.

To JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

On reading his Argument in case of the Amistad Captives.

"*Sic itur ad astra.*"

The notes of the swan are the sweetest when dying—
The forest most splendid in Autumn's decay—
The sun seems the greater with disc almost lying
Repos'd in the shroud of the rich parting day.

Thou, too, rever'd patriot, statesman and sage—
Thy liquid eye brightening the scholar's deep brow—
With the ardor of youth and the wisdom of age,
Ne'er in fullness of fame shone so brightly as now.

Thy youth itself manhood—thy manhood mature,
Beyond fairest examples of richly earn'd fame,
Would seem to have left little room to secure,
In life's last decline, a still more deathless name.

But for this thy defence of the poor and oppress'd—
This labor of love for the perishing slave—
This noblest of efforts that wrong be redress'd,
And fraud the most foul find its reprobate grave:—

For this, and, still more, for thy name freely given,
In aid of a cause by earth's *great ones* despis'd,
Ascriptions of praise will ascend unto Heaven,
And thy efforts, blest richly, most richly be priz'd.

The song of the captive shall blend with the sighing
From Afric's palm groves, and each sweet "sunny fountain"—
Nor the praise for deliverance cease but in vying
With the prayer for *earth's freedom* from valley to mountain.

G. K.

Horrors of the Slave Trade.

Capture of a Slaver with 375 Negroes on board.

Latest accounts from Berbic, in the West Indies, state that great sensation had been experienced at the port, by the arrival of a slaver, a Portuguese built brig, called the Ocuas Fevereira, captured off the Brazilian coast, on the 16th February last, by her Majesty's brig Fawn, after a chase of eight hours.

The details from the log book of the Fawn, as published in the Berbic Gazette, present a picture of horrible suffering almost without a parallel.

On the 19th of February, 1841, lat. 22 30, long. 40, west, Cacupos, on the coast of Brazil about 18 miles, observed a large brig standing in for the land, altered our course so as to cut her off if possible. On approaching she appeared not to have the least idea of our being a man-of-war—allowed her to close within range of our 32 pounder—fired a gun over her, and another as quick as possible ahead—she then up with her helm, attempted to run, but appeared in great confusion.

We continued to throw the shot over, ahead, and astern of her, without intention of striking, as we were positive of slaves being on board; after a short time she was increasing her distance; Lieut. Foote then determined to put a shot into the hull, but with great regret on account of the unfortunate beings on board. Shots were then thrown close under her stern twice—a third was about to be fired, when we observed her round to. In about 20 minutes we came up and boarded her. The slaves were all below with the hatches on; on turning them up a scene presented itself, enough to sicken the heart even of a Portuguese.

The living, the dying, and the dead, huddled together in one mass. Some unfortunates in the most disgusting state of small pox, in the confluent state, covered from head to foot, distressingly ill with ophthalmia, a few perfectly blind, others living skeletons, with difficulty crawled from below, unable to bear the weight of their miserable bodies. Mothers with young infants hanging at their breasts unable to give them a drop of nourishment. How they had brought them thus far appeared astonishing: all were perfectly naked. Their limbs were excoriated from lying on the hard plank for so long a period. On going below the stench was insupportable. How beings could breathe such an atmosphere, and live, appeared incredible. Several were under the, plank, which was called the deck, dying—one dead.

We proceeded to Rio Janeiro with the prize. On the passage we lost 13, in the harbor 12, from small pox and debility—a number also died on board the recovery ship "Crescent."—After clearing the hold, and fumigating the brig, it was determined by Mr. Ousley, the British Minister, to send the brig with a part of her cargo, for adjunction, to the nearest Colony, under command of Mr. G. Johnsteine, mate of the Fawn. We sailed on the 19th March with 189, well provided with medicines and directions in what manner to use them. Tapioca and lime juice were also provided.

Notwithstanding all the care that a small crew could bestow upon them, we unfortunately lost 20 chiefly from the scurvy and general debility. This unfortunate brig left Bahia forte, on the coast of Bengueala with 510 negroes! and 13 days after, on her capture, she had but 375!

TEMPERANCE INTELLIGENCE.

John Hawkins. We learn by the Star, that this untiring reformer has returned to Boston after an absence of 20 days—during which time he has visited many of the larger villages of Maine, delivered 36 lectures and "raised up a mighty army of tee-totallers."

The Saratoga Convention. The great National Temperance Convention, which commenced its sittings at Saratoga on the 27th ultimo, continued its meetings through three days, and judging from accounts received was a grand affair. Delegates were present as follows: From the State of New York 286; Massachusetts 50; Vermont 46; Connecticut 23; New-Hampshire 4; Rhode Island 2; Maine 3; New Jersey 7; Pennsylvania 9; Maryland 4; Michigan 4; Louisiana 3; Alabama 3; Wiskonsan 3; Ohio 3; Illinois 2; Georgia 2; Iowa 1; Sandwich Islands 1; and 3 without places designated. The meeting was made intensely interesting by the attendance of a large number of reformed men that came up from all parts of the country to tell their sad "*experience.*"

Philadelphia.—The delegates to a Temperance convention in Philadelphia, last week passed a series of resolutions, in which they recommended the formation of a temperance society in each ward and township in the city and county of Philadelphia. In accordance with the recommendation, efforts are now making to form such associations, and on the 26th of August, a general convention of delegates from the different societies will be convened, for the purpose of making a permanent and efficient organization of all the friends of the cause.

Hartford, Ct.—The young Men's Temperance Society recently formed in this city, already numbers *eleven hundred* members. Public meetings are held every Tuesday evening, which are fully attended. The Washington Temperance Society has upwards of two hundred members, and is still increasing.—*Ch. Sec.*

New York.—The old Masonic Hall, N. York city, is about being changed, says the Emancipator, to a temple of Temperance. *Good.* The Washington Temperance Society is about establishing a House of Refuge for Drunkards, where the victims of Intemperance may be provided for until their cure is perfected.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Harris's Intelligencer says that within a circle of five miles around Pittsburgh, ten thousand persons of all classes have joined the several temperance societies in those limits.

Hudson, N. Y.—The progress of this cause is truly wonderful, and no where is it more conspicuous than in the city of Hudson, where 1300 of a population 2000 adults have recently taken the pledge, including all the hard drinkers in the place.

Lowell, Ms.—Mr. Hawkins, the reformed drunkard, addressed a crowded assembly of our citizens at the City Hall on Tuesday evening and was listened to with profound attention. His lecture consisted of a history of his own 'drunkenness and reform,' interspersed with frequent appeals to the drunkard, and friendly advice drawn from experience. In some passages he was quite eloquent. When he spoke of his little daughter, who was instrumental in reforming him, there was scarcely one in the hall who could refrain from shedding a tear.

The effect of Mr. Hawkins' lecture was very powerful. At its conclusion, three hundred and five of our citizens came forward and signed the tee-total pledge, among whom we are informed were some of the real *pink eyes* and *red noses.*

The excitement which Mr. Hawkins created we are glad to learn, was not momentary, or destined to last only while he was speaking.—Last evening another full temperance meeting was held at the John St. Vestry, at which more of the real topers came forward and enrolled their names among the members of the Lowell Washington Temperance Society.

Lowell paper.

Mr. Hawkins is busily engaged in Maine, in awakening a feeling on the subject of intemperance. The last number of the Bangor Courier says that he visited Stillwater, and Oldtown on Saturday and Sunday, at which place he addressed crowded assemblies. The people are wide awake there on the subject of temperance.

Lowell Banner.

Portland.—The Washington Temperance Society of Portland has now got up to about five hundred strong, and is still going ahead. They refuse to receive any one who has not been a hard drinker, and is willing to confess it. They hold a public meeting every Wednesday evening, at some chapel in the city, at which they talk, exhort, and relate their former wretched experiences.—*Ch. Journal.*

The Grand Jury of Pittsburgh have presented intemperance both as a crime and a great cause of crime. They also present the great number of tippling houses, the immoral character of those who keep them and the indifference of the court in licensing dram shops.

Cross and Journal.

Manchester, N. H.—Last week we were visited by three of the reclaimed—Mr. Baxter from Boston, Mr. Wadleigh and Mr. Searls from Nashua. They severally related their experience in intemperance; and sad tales they were.

After the meeting papers were circulated among the audience, and a large number of names were obtained, but how many we have

not learned. We hope that exertion in this good cause will not cease here, but 'keep the Ball rolling.'—*Amoskeag Memorial.*

Amherst, N. H.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Rowan of Boston, and Mr. Wadleigh of Nashua, reformed inebriates of the Washington Total Abstinence Society, addressed a numerous audience in this village, with apparent good effect.—*Cabinet.*

From the Free American.

The Slaveholder—Jonathan Davis of Georgia.

Mr. Editor:—I have desired for some time to expose the character of this man to the public; not that I think I can prove him any thing worse than a slaveholder, but because some other crimes are *deemed worse*, in our community, and the fact that a slaveholding minister can commit them may lead such persons to consider whether slaveholding is not *naturally* connected with every other violation of the principles of common morality. I have two points to present, one which refers to Mr. Davis' *honesty* the other to his *veracity*.

MR. DAVIS' HONESTY.

What was his object in coming North? Let facts reply. *He came as agent of a company of slaveholders to buy goods.!* A few planters in his neighborhood united to get up a combination store. Knowing that Georgia credit without northern endorsment was of little worth, and probably thinking their minister, under his clerical coat, could get the goods on credit, easier than a regular merchant—Mr. Davis was sent on for that purpose. A merchant in Georgia gave him an introduction to a wholesale dealer in Maiden Lane, N. Y. But too honest to connive at cheating his New York correspondent, he despatched a *private* letter, beforehand, warning the New York merchant not to trust Davis, for when pay day came no one would appear to be responsible for the goods. Mr. Davis found himself unable to get them in New York. Whether he succeeded any better in Boston is worth inquiring into. My authority for this statement is J. P. Boyce of Lynn, who derived it from *direct evidence* in New York. So much for the matter of honesty.

MR. DAVIS' VERACITY.

A letter from him, dated Albany, New York, June 1841, appears in the Georgia Christian Index, of the 3d ult. in which he gives an account of his own sayings and doings at Portland. His whole letter is hardly worth copying. He seemes highly gratified with the sympathy shown him by our pro-slavery neighbors, and thinks "the vast majority" of the New Englanders are "opposed to abolition."—But in his letter he makes at least six statements which I have the authority of Gen. D. Appleton, of Portland for declaring to be *falsehoods*.

1. He says that "the citizens (of Portland) held a meeting, and appointed a committee to address a note to me, (him) requesting me to address them on the subject of slavery."

No such meeting was held. John Neal of his own notion, invited Davis to give the address.

2. He says he "found (Rev.) Mr. Champlin to be a good colonization man." Mr. Champlin told him that he was not a colonizationist.

3. He says "the audience was large filling the city hall entirely." There were only about 100 present. The hall holds 500.

4. He adds that after two day's discussion with Messrs Lincoln and Appleton, his opponents "acknowledged that I understood the subject too well for them, but concluded, nevertheless, that there was merit in their cause if they could bring it out." All this is the result of Mr. Davis' vanity. It is wholly false.

5. The same hallucination leads him to add that, at the close, "almost the entire audience were on my side," a mistake of seven-eights at least.

6. Finally, he adds, "at the close of the discussion I had to go immediately to the boat, to set out for Boston. Not less than 500 followed me to the water, seeking introduction, and entreating me to remain at the North, and traverse the whole land, as they believed I could satisfy all, that the abolitionists were wrong." Who would believe that *no one* followed him to the boat save the usual number of idlers and loafers always found around a steamer. Moreover he took tea very quitely, after the debate was over, and went on board with, perhaps one to three friends.

So much for this slaveholding minister of 'another gospel,' not Christ's.

Yours with regard,
CHARLES T. TORREY.

From the N. H. Baptist Register.

Rev. Mr. Davis' Letter--And the Facts.

The following is in answer to a letter of inquiry which we wrote for the purpose of presenting the subject in a proper manner before the public. We shall send a copy to Mr. Davis, and thus give him an opportunity to clear up the matter a little, as we have no wish to do him injustice; the truth is all we ask. We trust the Christian Index will publish the following that its readers may hear both sides of the story:

PORTLAND, ME. Aug. 2d, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER WORTH,—Having noticed that you had transferred to your columns a letter from Mr. Davis, professing to give an account of the recent discussion upon Slavery in this city, I was hesitating whether it was best to write you and correct its inaccuracies. Your letter has determined me to do it. The letter abounds with statements more or less at variance with the truth, a few only of which I will select.

First, he says, "After I arrived at Portland, I formed immediately an acquaintance with Mr. Champlin and Mr. Lincoln, Baptist Ministers of the place. Mr. Champlin I found to be a good colonization man, and Mr. Lincoln an Abolitionist" I am requested by Mr. C. to state that this is not correct, and that he distinctly assured Mr. D. that he was not now, and never had been a colonizationist.

Secondly, he says, "very soon it was understood in town that I was there, and the citizens held a meeting, and appointed a committee to address a note to me, requesting me to address them on the subject of Slavery." I regret to be obliged to say that no meeting of our citizens was called, and no such committee was appointed. One of our citizens upon his own responsibility, addressed the note to him, of which he speaks.

Thirdly, he says, speaking of the number that was present to hear his address, "the audience was large, filling the city hall entirely." That hall will hold, at least 800 individuals comfortably while there were present not more than one hundred upon the largest calculation.

Fourthly, he says, "The issue of that debate was, that my two antagonists, at the close, acknowledged that I understood the subjec too well for them, but contended that, nevertheless, there was merit in their cause if it could be brought out." Mr. D. has here largely drawn upon his imagination. I am requested by Gen. Appleton to deny, in his behalf, and for myself, I deny the truth of this singular assertion. Neither of us made any such acknowledgements, nor did we nor could we as honest men, state any thing that in the slightest degree implied it.

Fifthly, he says, "at the close of the discussion, I had to go immediately to the boat to set out for Boston—not less than 500 followed me to the water seeking introduction, and entreating me to remain at the north, and traverse the whole land, as they believed that I could satisfy all that the Abolitionists were wrong." Viewing this statement in the most charitable light, it is difficult to suppress a smile at its developement of self esteem. Not wishing to strip Mr. D. of any one of the laurels which he has won by his defence of slavery, I must yet state the simple facts.—At the close of the discussion, I walked with Mr. D. and Mr. C. to the house of the latter, where we took tea together. Then, several hours having intervened, Bro. C. and no other individual whatever, accompanied him to the Boat. A number of individuals, not half of 500 probably, certainly not more than that, were assembled at the wharf, as is always the case, when the boat leaves. I am informed by a gentleman acquainted with Mr. D., and who also went up in the Boat with him, that, in his opinion, perhaps a dozen went down to see Mr. D. that some of them conversed with him somewhat as he states. Perhaps the same feeling which caused him to see 500 following him to the Boat, when there were none, induced the belief on his part, that all who were there, were there on his account. I am inclined to believe this is the case inasmuch as the same gentleman stated that Mr. D. as he stood on the side of the Boat, observed to him, that he designed to address the people there. The gentleman gently sought to dissuade him from doing what he knew would make him appear ridiculous, by saying "it is not usual." Mr. D. however persisted, and taking off his hat, commenced, but was prevented from proceeding by the departure of the Boat. As to the result of the discussion, it has opened the eyes of many who could not be persuaded before that professed ministers of the gospel and christians at the South attempted to justify or defend Slavery at all, and least of all, that they sought to do it from the Bible. The letter of Mr. D. has been published in one of our city daily papers, and injured him much in the public estimation, and justly impaired confidence in his statements about the condition of slavery at the South. Yours in Christian affection.

THOS. O. LINCOLN.

True Spirit of Slavery.

A Mr. C. S. Griffing of this State, gives the following account, in Zion's Watchman, of a slaveholder towards his slaves. The narrator says, 'He is accounted one of the best in the country, yet he treats his slaves with unnecessary severity.' The person who relates these things was eye-witness to what he states.

It is another strong proof of the wickedness, hypocrisy and hard-heartedness of slaveholders, many of whom make the loudest professions of democracy and christianity. When such demons rule, 'the people mourn.'

This is but an isolated instance of the cruelty and inhumanity of slaveholders: but one out of the millions of their 'peccadilloes.' Yet there are those among us who are the debased servants of just such monsters, who obsequiously do their bidding in getting up and carrying on mobs for the suppression of the freedom of speech, or for the punishment of one who does an act of benevolence.—*Ohio Aurora.*

"One of the slaves, having incurred the displeasure of the overseer, he prepared himself, and went where the negro was at work, with the intention of whipping him. The slave, knowing his barbarity, resisted, caught a pitchfork that lay near him. This prevented the whipping for that time, and the negro ran away; but in a few days returned, and took his place with others at work on the plantation. The demoniac disposition of the overseer, however, was not satisfied; he thirsted for human blood; and, at the first opportunity, he caught, and proceeded to glut his vengeance on the miserable victim of his cruelty. First his feet were tied with a strong cord, and he was placed upon a hogshead, and the cord passed around the same, and again fastened around his neck, thus drawing as near as possible his head and feet together. His back was divested of its scanty clothing, and the torturing lash applied until the flesh was literally whipped from the bones. The blood flowed freely from the wounds, covering the hogshead, and more than a gallon was believed to have run upon the ground. His cries and groans were piteous indeed, yet failed to affect the heart of the infamous being who plied the lash until he feared nature would bear no more. To prevent mortification, and assist in healing, salt was sprinkled on the lacerated parts, which produced more exquisite suffering than even the lash had done. Faint and thirsty from the loss of blood, he begged his tormentors to give him a cup of water. Standing near was a vessel partly filled with tar and filthy grease, such as was used upon the axles of carts; a few days previous it had rained, and in this vessel was caught a little rain water. This was offered him, and, loathsome as it was, he drank it with great avidity. He was then unbound and carried to his quarters, where he lay a number of days, unable to walk or stand erect. Three days after he was whipped, the overseer procured some oak twigs cut the ends square, and tied them together like a broom! went to the poor sufferer, whose back had begun to heal, and with it swept, or rather scraped, the incrustation from the sores. Three times was this operation repeated, giving a sufficient length of time between each for incrustation to take place. The slave, believing his master would not approve such cruel treatment, as soon as he was able, crawled to him and rehearsed his sufferings. But he received no redress, no pity. The master approved the conduct of his overseer; yea, more, he again whipped the slave for troubling him with his complaints. He returned to his task, to brood over his wrongs in silence, and suffer and toil until released by death."

How Cruel.

We read these words in the faces of many of the little boys and girls who were assembled not long since in the church at Berlin. Our young readers are aware that of late, we have made a most happy improvment in our Fourth of July celebrations. We no longer foolishly call to our aid *Rum* and *Gunpowder*. No indeed—We have a "more excellent way" of spending our time, and evincing our gratitude to God for liberty. Parents, children and teachers are in the habit of meeting together to have a Sabbath School celebration. How pleasant to walk from the House of God to the beautiful grove, where the birds sing and all nature rejoices. How grand is the temple of nature! How inspiring the place!

Well dear children, it was my privilege to meet with the friends at Berlin, to enjoy a Sabbath School celebration. Mr. Cross, from West Boylston, addressed the children. He said much that was interesting and affecting about the slave. He wanted us to understand that we are not a *free* people, and I think he was happy in making the impression. He related many cruelties that are practised to make the slave unhappy.—One instance which he cited as witnessed by a friend was very touching. And when he was repeating this case I almost read the words—*how cruel*, in the face of many little boys and girls present. Now my object in writing is to relate to you this incident of cruelty that you may all pledge eternal hatred to slavery. I shall not be able to repeat the words of Mr. Cross. But that is no matter.

On board of one of the boats going down the Mississippi, there was a gang of slaves and overseers. Men who are employed to watch over the slaves not to do them good, but to abuse and whip them. The slaves were on the deck, and the overseers below in the cabin gambling and making merry. Among the slaves there was a mother with her infant. The babe cried, and this annoyed the wicked men below. The overseer sent word in an angry manner to the slave mother, to *keep that child still*. The poor woman trembled at this message. She pressed the infant to her bosom, walked and tried in various methods to silence it. But still it cried. Perhaps it was hungry or sick. Again this wicked man more angry than before sent a messenger with a long whip in his hand, saying—*tell that black wench if she does not stop that noise, she may know what to depend on.*

Ah, poor woman, she did know well what would be done. She had nothing to hope from this brutish man. He was a tyrant, and she completely at his mercy. It was not, dear children, the whip she feared. As you will soon see it was something far worse. The poor mother was terrified and distressed. She pinched the lips of the infant together so hard as to indent the flesh to stop its cries. But all was in vain.—Every expedient of the mother failed. In great rage the monster left the gaming table and proceeded to the deck. Without a word of remonstrance he snatched the tender infant from the mother's fond embrace and plunged it into the river. The mother fell upon the deck senseless! Well may you say dear children—*how cruel!*

This is but one incident in a thousand of the cruelties inflicted upon the slave. Let us bless God that we are not in the hands of a master. And while we rejoice, let us pray and labor that the time may come when those who have a colored skin, shall with us be happy that one is their Master even Christ.—*Practical Christian.*

A Good Temperance Anecdote.—In the Boston Mercantile Journal we find the following, which in its practical lesson, is worth a volume of sermons:

"A few years ago a very worthy laboring man in Salem, who had been so unfortunate as to acquire the habit of drinking spirits, becoming convinced of its ruinous tendency, had strength of mind to form an effectual resolution of future abstinance. At that time he had a wooden box made, with a hole in the lid, and labelled "rum" into, which he every day dropped as much money as he had been in the habit of spending for liquor. The box was never opened till very recently, when on counting the sum, it was found to amount to sufficient to purchase him a house lot, and materially aid in putting upon it a neat and comfortable house."

Judge Lynch.—It is stated by the Chicago American, that the country below Belvidere and north of the Illinois river has been for some time past invested with a gang of black-legs and horse-thieves; and that the people finding the laws inadequate to the protection of property, have formed themselves into volunteer companies to punish the culprits. A Mr. Campbell, who was actively engaged in getting up these companies, was shot by two of the horse-thieves, named Driskell. The volunteer companies of De Kalb and Winnebago counties, started off in search of the murderers. They seized old Driskell and one of his sons, tried them by Lynch law, placed them about ten rods off, gave them five minutes to prepare for death, and then sent fifty balls through them at once. The only information they obtained from them was, that it was another son of Driskell who killed Campbell. They have offered $500 for his head. The American goes on to say, "Revolting as this summary mode of proceeding seems to be, it, nevertheless, receives the commendation of every individual at all acquainted with the facts."

What safe hands these are to be entrusted with the destinies of a republic!

A WORD WITH OUR FRIENDS.

It has become absolutely necessary to call your attention to the money matters of the Herald. We find that the weekly expense of printing is a fraction over $23. For the means of meeting this expense we look to our subscribers and friends—with them are our only resources. If we are cut off here, we must cease our effort at keeping the gallant little banner in the breeze. The uncertainty of life or health forbids our taking the alternative of plunging into *debt*, trusting to the paid labor of future years for its abolition. If you have noticed our list of "remittances," for the last six weeks, you must know our necessities. Very few have paid for the present volume, which is now half up; while we are perplexed with the pressing want of $200.—We are ready joyfully to do all in our power to sustain the Herald. Its history, its trials, its advocacy of trampled claims, its peerless devotion to the right, have endeared it to our heart. But, brethren, without more of your aid in the way of *money*, I must give back, and witness the fall of the Herald in the thick of the battle. Words are not necessary. I have given you the facts—thus doing *my* duty—the residue of the matter is with you.

J. R. FRENCH.

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

Thomas Thorndike $1.50——William Cheever, Daniel Woodbury, J. K. McIntire, F. Eveleth, William Barry $1.00 each——Stephen Chase 29 cents.

Anti-Slavery Convention, at Littleton, N. H.

At a meeting of the Littleton Anti-Slavery Society, holden on the 6th day of August, 1841, it was resolved, that it is expedient to call an Anti-Slavery Convention, to be holden at Littleton, on *Thursday, the 26th instant, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon.*

The present state of the Anti-Slavery enterprise requiring great energy, concert, and perseverance, is deemed of itself a sufficient ground for the call of a Convention. But the friends of the slave have, in addition, peculiar encouragement to assemble in convention at the time proposed, from the circumstance, that they may be assured of the personal assistance and co-operation of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and NATHANIEL P. ROGERS, who intend to be at Littleton at that time, and whose experience, fidelity, and ability may confidently be expected to afford material aid in the deliberations of the Convention. It is hoped other distinguished philanthropists from a distance may be present.

All persons who feel interested in the cause of freedom, are respectfully invited to give their attendance and counsel.

EDMUND CARLETON,
FREEMAN PALMER,
NAT ALLEN, } Committee.

Littleton, August 7th, 1841.

Will the Editor of the MORNING STAR have the kindness to give this notice one insertion?

OBITUARY.

Died in Hebron, July 5th, Mrs. SARAH COLBURN, wife of Mr. Enoch N. Colburn, aged forty six. If the memory of those who were bright and beautiful ornaments of earth, deserves a passing eulogy, then such is justly due her whose death it becomes our painful duty to record. How mysterious are the dispensations of Providence! In the death of Mrs. Colburn, we witnessed the departure of one who was eminently qualified so far as her influence extended, to renovate, and evangelise the world. It is only in describing how highly she was thus qualified, that we feel our inability to do her justice. In the morning of life, she became a believer in Christ, and it may truly be said of her, she followed in the steps of her Redeemer, and ever maintained a christian character beyond reproach. To a disposition unusually amiable, she added all the beauties and graces of religion. She was ever kind and affectionate to all with whom she had intercourse; a ministering angel in sickness, and ever ready to compassionate and alleviate the woes of suffering humanity. Her distinguishing characteristic was humility—christian meekness of spirit—the lowest abasement of self, in the sight of God, after ever having maintained a character so pure, so unblemished, that the tongue of calumny never essayed to touch it.

She felt a deep and thrilling interest in every thing intended to promote the public good, the cause of justice and humanity. She was a firm and devoted abolitionist, and many are the tears she has shed for the bleeding slave; and many are the prayers that are registered in heaven, she has offered for his liberation; till her last moment, this was a subject that awakened all the energies of her nature.—Through many weeks of intense suffering, she never murmured or complained, but fondly as the heart longs for the coming of a loved one, so she awaited with happy anxiety, the summons which should call her home to be here no more. She lingered till the morning of the 5th July, retaining her senses till the last. Requesting to be raised she dropped away, calmly and sweetly as an infant would sleep; and her ransomed spirit, too pure and beautiful for earth, fled to a happier and better world. It may truly be said of her "None knew her but to love her. Or loved her but to mourn."—*Communicated.*

The Concord Anti-Slavery Society

Held its seventh Annual Meeting on the evening of the second inst., when the following elections were made for the ensuing year:

AMOS WOOD, President.
ALBE CADY, HAZEN WALKER, } Vice-Presidents.
N. P. ROGERS, Cor. Secretary.
JOHN R. FRENCH, Rec. Sec'y & Treasurer.
Nathan Farley, Richard Dame, John B. Chandler, Christopher W. Allen, Benjamin Rolfe, } Ex. Committee.

JOHN R. FRENCH, Rec. Sec'y.

Concord, August 3, 1841.

THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM,

At Pembroke, N. H.

THE next Term in this Institution will commence on THURSDAY, the 19th of AUGUST instant, and continue 12 weeks.

☞ Tuition $4, payable in advance.

I. KINSMAN, Principal.

Pembroke, August 6, 1841.

Wanted Immediately,

25 AGENTS, to sell by subscription the Early History of New England, True American, and other popular works, for which a large commission will be allowed.

Agents who will furnish from $50 to $100, on receiving their agency, and a quntity of the books, will find their money safely and profitably invested.

Letters addressed to I. S. Boyd, postage paid, will receive prompt attention.

Concord, Aug. 10, 1841.

Clinton Grove School,

WEARE, N. H.

ARRANGEMENTS have recently been made to continue this Institution, under the care of WILLIAM H. GAGE, as Principal. Pupils will be admitted at any time when they choose to enter. The Institution is located in a pleasant and retired part of the town, altogether aside from the noise and bustle of business; rendering it a very appropriate situation for study, while at the same time it is free from idle and vicious company. Parents who wish to place their children here, are assured that every effort will be made to maintain good moral habits and correct discipline among the students.

A BOARDING HOUSE is connected with the School, under the care of a gentleman well qualified for the charge, where all who attend, except those resident in the immediate neighborhood, will be accommodated. Scholars are not allowed to leave the grounds of the Institution without permission, and they are answerable at all times to the Teachers for misconduct while absent.

The English Branches usually studied at Academies, will be taught at this Institution.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition, $22.00 per quarter, (twelve weeks.) The terms and regulations for Females the same.

Each pupil may furnish his own class books, or they will be supplied at the Institution for one dollar per quarter.

MOSES SAWYER,
ISRAEL HOAG,
MOSES A. HODGDON, } Directors.

Weare, 7th month, 5th, 1841.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connection in the Medicine and Grocery business, under the firm of ALLISON & BROWN, and have taken the store formerly occupied by Moses Chamberlain, 2 doors south of the Eagle Coffee House.

W. H. ALLISON,
PHILIP BROWN, JR.

P. S. As Mr. Brown has pursued and finished a regular course of Medical studies, and as the services of Mr. JOHN A. GAULT, of this place, have been secured for a time, we flatter ourselves that the Medical community as well as the public in general will grant us a liberal share of patronage.

ALLISON & BROWN.

Concord, July 1, 1841. 20—6w

Allison & Brown,

(*Two doors south of the Eagle Coffee House.*)

HAVE just received an expensive assortment of *DRUGS AND MEDICINES*; also a complete assortment of *W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.*

N. B. All articles warranted to give satisfaction, or may be returned and the money refunded.

Concord, July 1, 1841. 6w

Fresh West India Goods.

JUST received a heavy and first rate assortment of *WEST INDIA GOODS AND GROCERIES*, comprising all the articles usually kept in such establishments—which were bought with cash at the present exceeding low prices, and will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

—: ALSO :—

180 barrels superior Genesee FLOUR.
40 do Ohio do
A few bbls. scratched do
500 bushels yellow CORN.
50 doz. Cast Steel SHOVELS, State Prison manufacture.

Also, on consignment, 500 gallons Sea Elephant OIL, in hogsheads and barrels, said to be nearly or quite equal to Sperm for most uses, particularly Clothiers, and will be sold low.

Persons in want of FAMILY GROCERIES can depend on a good article if recommended as such ☞ No ardent spirits about the premises. ☜

W. ODLIN & Co.

Concord, July 2, 1841. 6w9

Tailoring.

RICHARD DAME, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Concord and vicinity, that he has opened a Tailor's Shop, in the building in the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, up stairs, opposite the South Church, where he intends carrying on the Tailoring business in all its various branches. From his long experience in the business, he hopes to deserve and receive a share of public patronage.

RICHARD DAME.

Concord, May 15, 1841.

POETRY.

The Intemperate.

BY THE LATE J. O. ROCKWELL.

'Pray, Mr. Dram drinker! how do you do?
What in perdition's the matter with you?
How did you come by that bruise on the head?
Why are your eyes so infernally red?
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn?
Why do you tremble in every limb?
Who has done this! let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone!
And the dram drinker said, 'If you listen to me,
You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what you see.
I had a father: the grave is his bed,
I had a mother: she sleeps with the dead,
Freely I wept when they left me alone—
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone.
I planted a willow—I planted a yew—
As I left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew.
Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car:
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far.
Onward I went, as an avalanch down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown!
Fortune was gone—and I took to my side
A young, and a lovely, and a beautiful bride!
Her I treated with coldness and scorn,
Tarrying back till the break of the morn;
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her fears—
Casting a blight on her tenderest years:
Sad, and neglected, and weary I left her—
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her—
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sunk in the bosom of misery and died!
I had a child, and it grew like a vine:
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine:
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,
As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.
She grew like her mother in feature and form—
Her blue eye was languid—her cheek was too warm
Seventeen summers had shone on her brow—
The seventeenth winter beheld her low!
Yonder they sleep in their grave, side by side—
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride!
When they had left me, I stood here alone—
None of my race or kindred was known:
Friends all forsaken, and hopes all departed—
Sad, and desponding, and desolate-hearted—
Feeling no kindness for aught that was human—
Hated by man, and detested by woman—
Bankrupt in fortune, and ruined in name—
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame:
And, till this hour, since my daughter went down,
My brow has but known a continual frown!'
'Go to your children, and tell them the tale:
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale:
Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and cold—
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold—
Tell them he passed through the world they are in,
The victim of sorrow and misery and sin!
Tell them when life's shameful conflicts are past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last.'

Alas! how soon the Heart Forgets.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

Alas! how soon the heart forgets
Its deepest, wildest pain;
The tear an hour the eyelid wets,
And all is joy again;
Still rushes on the tide of men,
As though the past had never been.

A year, one year, is scarcely gone,
Since, in the yellow fall,
We heaped the frozen clay upon
The dearest of us all;
And now, alas! as 'twere a dream,
The memory of that day doth seem.

She was our life but yester-morn,
And by her tombstone now
We sing, and plant the mellow corn,
And drive the furrowing plough,
As gay as if beneath that stone
Were sleeping one we'd never known.

Human Love.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsoun'd temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!
God hath made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When men's best monuments have pass'd away.
The law of heaven is love, and tho' its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given;
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love;
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

The Trump of Freedom.

Hark! the trump of Freedom 's sounding!
Rouse ye, freemen! why delay?
Let your voices all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day,
When the tyrant
Must resign his cruel sway.

Temper.

The wildest ills that darken life,
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty, to the bosom's storm.

SLAVERY AS IT IS.

From the National A. S. Standard.

Annette Gray.

"He bought me—somewhat high—
For with me came a heart he couldn't buy."
BYRON'S CORSAIR.

The following story I tell as it was told to me, by one of the most intelligent slaves I ever met. I am aware of making myself liable to the charge of indelicacy; but the pure-minded will take no offence. There is an awful amount of facts in connection with the licentiousness of slavery, which are continually suppressed, from the difficulty of giving them utterance without disgusting modest ears. Those which I relate are not of this coarse, revolting kind; but to people of reflecting minds they will imply more than they reveal.

Annette Grey, (I give her a ficticious name, because we of the free States are *not* free;) was born and educated on the frontiers of slavery. Her master and mistress were English people, very kind to their slaves, and remarkably scrupulous concerning the modesty of their deportment. They never allowed any of the temporary connexions so universal among slaves; and the master observed as much propriety toward his female servants, as toward his own daughters. The lady, too, inculcated many lessons to prove how sinful, and how disgraceful, were the profligate connexions so common between masters and their slaves. Annette's mother being a religious woman, and many years a servant in this well-ordered family, frequently and earnestly repeated such lessons; so that the young girl grew up with a degree of purity and self-respect very unusual among her wretched class.

Was it a regard for the rights of an injured race, that led this English family to pursue a course so honorable? No; it was merely pride of their own respectability.—Their slaves might have said, with the poor mourners in the Bride of Lanmermoor, "Their gifts are dealt for nae love for *us*—nor for respect whether *we* feed or starve.—They wad gie us whinstones for loaves, if it would serve their ain vanity; and yet they expect us to be grateful, as they ca' it, as if they served us for true love and liking."

Facts justify this seemingly harsh conclusion. When Annette was about fifteen years old, her master became heir to a valuable estate in England, and concluded to remove thither. His American property was all sold: and with the carriage-horses, and "sundry old candle-boxes," was sold Annette. Young, motherless, sensitively modest, and with an unusual share of personal comeliness, she was sold to the highest bidder—the most notorious old profligate in the city!

His ostensible purpose was to purchase her as a waiting-maid for his wife. When she first entered the family, he had a favorite mistress among the slaves, and for the time being took very little notice of other individuals. Annette became a favorite with the lady. Being intelligent and tasteful, the expense of learning three distinct trades was incurred, with a view to make her service more valuable; and, in process of time, she could dress hair in the most approved French style, fit dresses neatly, and give to caps and bonnets the true Parisian air. This brought her into frequent contact with the fashionable friends of her wealthy mistress, and she acquired a gentility of manner, and correctness of pronunciation, indicating any thing but slavery.

Meanwhile the favorite mistress, for some whim or other, was discarded and sold, and her master was casting his eye around in search of a new Sultana. Well might Mr. Preston tell Harriet Martineau that "the progress of southern society was continually toward orientalism!"

Annette, young, fresh, and innocent, naturally attracted his attention; but experience had made him refined in his vices, and he sought excitement by self-imposed restraint. No coarse ribaldry, no personal rudeness, startled the modesty of his helpless slave; but his smiles were frequent and most gracious, his flattery most insidious, his presents abundant. By degrees, as he met her on the stairs, or in the passage-way, he would playfully touch her under the chin, or twine his fingers in her glossy black ringlets, and then smile to see her blush.—One day, he suddenly entered the room where she usually sat sewing for her mistress, and when she timidly rose to depart, he forbade her to leave the room. Perceiving her terror, he said to her, "You foolish child, what is there to be afraid of? Don't I always treat you well? And since your room is cooler than my own, why should you object to my coming here when I choose?" She did object, however, and sought to avoid him; but he forbade her to keep the door closed, and she was afraid to inform her mistress. She showed me some very pretty specimens of carved whale-bone and ivory, which he had cut during these lounging hours in her apartment; and all this while, the most cunning flattery was poured into her ear. Among other things, he said, "Do you remember, about six years ago, when you were a little girl, meeting a gentleman in ——— Square, riding on a white horse? Do you remember how the horse caricoled and reared, as you crossed the street? And do you remember how the gentleman turned the horse round, looked after you, and nodded at you?"

Annette said that she recollected it very well; for she thought it strange the gentleman should take so much notice of her.

"I was that gentleman," said he; "and from that moment I resolved that, sooner or later, I would have you. I inquired, then, to whom you belonged, and kept my eye on you ever after."

Where a man has irresponsible power over his victim, reserve is of course banished as soon as it suits his convenience. The master became more explicit in his language, but still sought to gain her affections. She remonstrated; begging him to choose another, among the many slaves who would be proud of his addresses; for herself, she had been educated to consider such connexions sinful and degrading. At first he laughed, and then he swore.

He had made no perceptible progress in her good graces, when a journey to Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, was agreed upon.—Annette and one man-servant were the only slaves they took with them. In describing this journey to me, I was much struck with the vividness of her description.—As nearly as I can remember, it was as follows:

"When I asked for a bed at the hotel, they laughed in my face. 'Give a nigger a bed!' said they—'We never heard of such a thing.' However, my mistress interceded for me, and I had a bed. In general, the female slaves slept on the floor, or on the skins that covered the travelling trunks; and the men slept in the carriages. If any of them got angry with another, they would often run the carriage into the river while he was asleep, and leave it there.

The hotel had a piazza round it. All about were scattered huts for travellers, some single, some in rows, some in Gothic style, and some very light and airy; well wooded hills closed it in all round, and a pond sparkled at a little distance. One day, as I stood on the piazza, I saw a great many slaves at the pond, washing clothes and spreading them out on the grass. They danced and capered about in such a strange manner, that I went down to ask what could be the matter. 'O,' said they, in their slave gibberish, 'Don't you know? Van June's coming.' 'Who is Van June?' 'Oh, don't you know? Van June, one big buckra man from the North; and Missis gib me new apron and new handkercher, because Van June's coming!'

"The 'big buckra man' was Van Buren, the President. They made a great ball for him. The hotel and all the travellers' huts were illuminated; and the trees on the sides of the hills were all hung with lamps. It was a beautiful sight to see couples dancing on the green, and the ladies dressed in white, glancing in and out among the shadows. Here and there, slaves were coming out from between the trees into the broad light, looking like Devils. Van Buren brought a mulatto servant with him, named Charles Ingram. Sometimes he said he was free, and sometimes he said he was a slave. I think he was a slave, because Williams, who superintended the President's affairs, flogged him one day for not putting away the harness.

"The slaves at the Springs made a ball, and gave a dinner to Charles Ingram; and I danced with him. They called him 'the black President.' Van Buren came in to see us dance. He shook hands with us all round, and told us to be obedient to our masters, and they would be good to us; that the Bible said we ought to obey our masters."

Among the songs on this grand occasion, she repeated the following:

"Come, broders, let us leave
Dis buckra land for Hayti—
An' der we be receive
As gran as Lafayettee.

Der we make a mighty show,
As grannus as you see—
I shall be all the go,
An' you like Governor Shootsy.

No more the barrow wheel,
An' that's a mighty jerkus;
No more we 'bliged to steal,
An' then be sent to work-hus.

An' dance us in a hall,
Hold a half a million—
There we dance the great big jig,
The white man call cotillion.

Lead your partners out—
Forward two and backee,
Wheel and turn about,
And then go home in hackey."

At Sulphur Springs her master first employed coercion, in the form of a threat.—He soon surrounded himself with a convivial club, who drank with him all night, and slept or gambled through the day. Some of these men were ferocious in their tempers, and far more indecent in their manners than himself. They assailed poor Annette with all sorts of obscene jests, and the more she was confused, the more they enjoyed their manly sport.

To a Mississippian, one of the most violent and despicable of these men, her master threatened to sell her, unless she proved obedient to his wishes. This terrified her exceedingly. She knew that she should have to encounter the same sort of persecution, probably in a more odious form, and perhaps coupled with cruel punishment, which she had never yet experienced. Then came the sickening thought of being so far separated from home and friends, without hope of ever seeing them again. Still she begged him to seek some other object, and leave her in peace. At last, he lost all patience, and said, "If you dare to fasten your door to-night, or to make any complaint to your mistress, I will sell you to the Mississippian to-morrow; and a grand exchange you will make of it, I can tell you."

The door was not fastened; and the poor girl, shrinking from the degradation of her fate, became her master's paramour; a situation to which most of her degraded class would have been proud to attain.

When the family returned home, she again made an effort to free herself from the disagreeable thraldom; urging her oppressive sense of shame, and the scruples in which she had been educated. "I have often thought," said Annette to me, "how lucky it was that my master was not young and handsome, and that he so often disgusted me by his beastly intoxication. He was so kind to me, that I might have been tempted to love him; it would have been natural, you know. Slave mistresses do sometimes love their masters; and it almost kills them when they are turned away for somebody else. I cannot be thankful enough that my master was not young and handsome; for it would have been a sin to love him. As it was, though I could not help myself, and would gladly have done so if I could, yet I could not look my mistress in the eye. My chamber was directly over hers. She heard his footsteps and his voice there; and when I came into her room in the morning, and left him in my own, I never could help hanging my head for shame. She never spoke to me about it; but sometimes, when I came to dress her, she was violently cross, and scolded me for every thing; then a few minutes, she would speak kindly, and try to make up by giving me some present. I imagined I could read her thoughts. I suppose she said to herself, 'Poor, young creature, it is no fault of hers. How can she help herself?' I think so, because she never used to treat me so capriciously before we went to Sulphur Springs."

"They were a wretched couple, rich as they were. The house was supurbly furnished—full length mirrors, marble tables, and carpets from garret to basement, so thick and soft that you could not hear a foot fall. Many a time, when the bell has summoned me to the drawing-room have I found my mistress at one end of the apartment behind the heavily-fringed damask curtains, her eyes read with weeping; and at the other end my master dosing on the rich sofa, drunk with champagne. Perhaps they had not spoken to each other for days. When I entered, both would give me orders at once; and if I obeyed my mistress, my master would sometimes seize a book, or a shoe, or any thing within his reach, and throw at my head, cursing me for not minding him first; yet I did not dare to do otherwise than wait upon my mistress first, for I was bought for her waiting maid; besides, I pitied her, and felt ashamed before her."

"Some of the slaves were very impudent to him, especially when they saw him intoxicated. He had a French mulatto coachman, who said all manner of saucy things, and seldom got punished for it. I never knew how it was that he would bear so much from that mulatto. The other slaves said he knew something, that made his master afraid of him. One day he called to the groom, 'Bring out the horses! Massa and me go to Hell to day.' This made a great laughing and joking, and he was ordered to be whipped for it; but he made Mr. ——— believe that he meant to say he was going to Summer *Hill*, only he was French, and did not know how to speak the word.

"One day, some garden rakes had been left in the path, and Mr. ——— ordered the coachman to pick them up, and put them out of his way. 'Where shall I carry them?' 'To Hell, for all I care.' 'Massa, that be right *in* your way.' The other slaves that heard it looked at each other, and showed all their white teeth; but the Frenchman was not even scolded at.

"I grew very unhappy. My master was disagreeable to me; and I could never foget what my mother used to say about the sin and shame of such connexions. Sometimes I wished, since I was so entirely in his power, that I could love him; and then I was shocked at myself for such a wicked thought. I was made more uncomfortable by the suspicion that I might become a mother; and from the first day I belonged to this man, I had heard the servants tell that he always sold his own children soon after ther were born, in order to keep them out of his wife's way. This thought haunted me from morning till night. I could not bear to think that such would be the fate of *my* child.

"Again I tried to break my shameful bonds; and threatened to appeal to my mistress for protection, begging her to sell me to a man of better character. This made my master very angry. He told me 'I need not feel so safe because I was at home. He knew how to punish me. He had only to write a letter to Mississippi, and send me off by the next slave ship.'

"After that threat, I had no peace. I fancied he showed me less kindness, and that this was a sign he was about to sell me. My mind turned towards the Free States; and I listened eagerly to every thing that was said about them. I heard of a colored man, who had helped off some slaves. I went to him and asked him if he could help me. He said he would; but advised me not to leave, except when the house was full of company. It was easy to find such a time; for our house was thronged with visiters; but I waited for a chance to leave on Saturday—knowing that they could not advertise me in the papers until Monday. A celebrated beauty and heiress from the North, (a lady well known to the editor,) was passing through the city; and as her stay was short, my mistress made a Ball for her on Saturday. The slaves were all of a hoity toity; for they take great pride in their master's having famous guests, and making grand entertainments. All of them were talking about the rich Miss ———, the beautiful Miss ———. I, of course, was one to receive the ladies, as they came: and my curiosity was great to see the Northern belle. Among the crowd, one particularly attracted my attention by the extreme simplicity of her dress. She wore plain white muslin, with a satin sash, without ornament of any kind, save a single band of pearl around her head. When I rested on one knee to arrange her shoe-lacing, she thanked me, with a very sweet smile, and said she preferred to do it herself. What was my surprise to discover that this was the famous belle.' When I told it to the servants, they seemed to have no opinion of her at all. 'She can be no great things,' said they, 'if she ties her own shoes. She's never been used to be waited upon, that's plain enough.'

"I wondered within myself whether she was a sample of the ladies in the Free States. I had already told my colored friend what evening I had chosen to escape; and he told me I should find walking to and fro, in front of his house, a white man in Quaker dress. If I spoke to him, and he answered, 'Thy name is Jane Neal,' it would be a sign I had found the right person. My heart throbbed with the hopes of escape and the fear of failure. What money and trinkets I had were sewed within the clothes I wore. I was afraid to take any bundle, lest the other servants might notice it as something singular. While planning how I should slip out unperceived, I was told to go and order some fresh ice-creams from the confectioner's. The party may be waiting for the ice-creams to this day, for aught I know. I had other business on hand. With great difficulty, I found, in the obscurity of evening, the house where I had agreed to meet the stranger. I soon saw a man in Quaker dress, walking to and fro.—He gave me the signal agreed upon, and said, 'Follow me, friend.' He had a wagon and horses in readiness, and he carried me thirty miles that night to the house of another friend, who carried me fifty miles further on; and at last I found myself in Philadelphia. At one place, I staid three days at the rail-road depot; for the man who had the management of it told me there were advertisements posted up describing such a person as I was, and he advised me to hide myself. I was concealed in a chamber in his house; and peeping from the windows I saw two constables, whom I knew to be in my master's employ, go on in the cars, and on the third day go back. I had little doubt they were searching for me; for I was told two men from the South had been making very close inquiries for a runaway slave. I eluded them, however, and came safely to New-York."

Annette remained some time in New-York, and would not have left it, had she not met in the streets so many gentlemen and ladies, whom she had seen as guests at her master's hospitable mansion. Thinking Boston would be the safer place, she took passage thither. In that city her babe was born.—Some of the colored people, who knew her history, advised her to put the child in the alms-house; but she replied, "No, I will never desert it. I wish it had died when it was born; but since it is here, it is my duty to take care of it; if the child is ruined, he shall never have occasion to reproach my neglect as the cause.

This virtuous resolution she carried into effect. Finding it impossible to pursue her trade, of mantua-making, with the constant care of her babe, she went out to service, and devoted nearly all her wages to pay for its being nursed. In the streets, she sometimes met those who had visited at her master's; but as none recognized her, she grew bold in a feeling of security, and not only went into the streets, but ventured to meeting on Sunday. One day, turning a corner suddenly, she came upon a whole family of travellers, near neighbors of her master. "How do you do? Jeannette," said they: "We did not know you were here. Where does your mistress put up?" "At the Tremont," was the ready reply. "What number?" "Twenty-eight." "Tell her I shall call to see her immediately. I had no idea she was in the city."

With a palpitating heart, Annette hastened home, resolving to show her face no more in the street, till the travelling season was over. But the news of her whereabout was probably conveyed by writing; for, about six weeks after, a genteel-looking young man came to the back door of the house where she lived, under pretence of inquiring for the master. She was startled, for she thought she had seen him when she was a slave; and she was perfectly sure that the cane he carried was one of a number her master had made from the ruins of some old Fort, as convenient presents for his friends. This gave her an air of embarrassment, much increased by his scrutinizing gaze, and his questions concerning her name, birth-place, &c. That same evening, a message was brought, purporting to be from a colored woman of her acquaintance, in Southack St., who wished to see her at eight o'clock, alone, on particular business. This changed suspicion into alarm. She was put into a carriage, and brought to the house of a friend of mine; and there I heard her story.

We deemed it best for her to leave Boston. Her present prospects are good; I would mention them, if we, of the nominally free States, were really free.

The *men* of New-England may bear this state of things with silent submission, and call their criminal acquiescence patriotism; but a thousand times has my pulse beat high with indignation, to find that I, too, a free-born woman of Massachusetts, was a bond slave of the South; obliged to suppress my best impulses, and obey the dictates of my conscience by stealth. The slave-holders's whip has a long lash, that reaches from Georgia far beyond Mason and Dixon's line.

"Oh, what a precious name is Liberty, to scare, or cheat, the simple into slaves."—L. M. C.

AN APPROPRIATE HONOR.—Amherst College at its late commencement, conferred upon President Tyler the Degree of LL. D., which we take to mean, Legis Lynchii Doctor, or Doctor of Lynch Law. That is the supreme law at the South; all other laws are subordinate. President Tyler, we understand, keeps on his plantation some of the subjects of this beautiful code; it is therefore, with great propriety that he is dubbed a doctor of the same. The like honor was conferred by Cambridge on Andrew Jackson, another criminal practitioner of the code Lynch. It is a cute thought. All Northern seminaries that are ambitious "to teach the young Southern *idlers* how to *shoot*," should once a year send their compliments and best sheepskin to some distinguished slaveholder.—As a vignette to adorn the said sheepskin, we would suggest a runaway slave just captured and his arms and legs bound to a log, and a stout overseer dragging a *cat* by the tail along his naked back. The whole should be properly garnished with dogs and guns, and the LL. D. himself should appear at a little distance, with a cigar in his mouth, enjoying the development of his "peculiar institution."—*Free American.*